Boom. by Dancingwithstarlightatmidnight

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Summary:

A gunshot echoed from behind her.
A body fell to the floor.
Eleven's world stopped.

Boom.

Author's Note:

> First Stranger Things fic AND I haven't written
> anything all year so please don't yell at me lel

Eleven woke up knowing something was off. First, the bed next to her
was cold and empty, and second, the apartment was dead silent.
She had been living with Mike since the day they graduated, and
sleeping in the same bed as him even longer. El knew that even if he
had somehow gotten up before her, he'd be making some sort of
noise.

Eleven's heart thumped in her chest. Shooting out of bed, she began
to search the apartment, even though she knew he wasn't there. She
began to panic, a million things that could have happened to him
racing through her mind.

Closing her eyes, El began to frantically search for him. The image
was weak, but she could vaguely see him sitting in a small room; one
of the solitary rooms she'd been forced in as a child.

Eleven's eyes snapped open, a trickle of blood falling from her nose.
Anger bubbled relentlessly in her chest. She knew what she had to
do.

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The moment El entered the hallway of solitary rooms, she was
greeted with Dr. Brenner with an arm wrapped around Mike's neck.

"Papa. Let go." She warned angrily.

His grip on Mike didn't loosen, a lopsided grin forming on his face. "I
needed to test a theory."

El took a few cautious steps towards the pair. "Theory?"

Mike's eyes widened. "El! Behind y-"
A gunshot echoed from behind her.

A body fell to the floor.
Eleven's world stopped.

Mike had been shot.
After a mere moment of disbelief, she ran to his side.
"Mike?!" El shrieked. She picked up the boy's body, cradling it in her arms. "Mike, please..."
his lifeless body didn't move an inch.
"Fascinating..." Brenner muttered.

Finally, Eleven began to scream. The whole room shook violently with El's rage, each tear falling from her face causing a ripple of chaos to erupt throughout the room. She buried her face in Mike's neck, sobbing. "Come back, I'm sorry, I wasn't fast enough... come back..."

He wasn't coming back.